

[Irving McCoy]

s241-DAWE

Week No. 4

Item No. 15

Words

[Percent

Received

Accredited

Do Not Write In This Space?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Roy V. Mahlman ADDRESS Marsland, Nebr

DATE February 2, 1939 SUBJECT Northwest Nebr. folklore

1. Name and address of informant Irving McCoy, Marsland, Nebraska
2. Date and time of interview
3. Place of interview
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

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6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

c.15 NNebr.

[???

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Roy V. Mahlamn ADDRESS Marsland Nebr.

DATE February 2, 1939 SUBJECT Northwest Nebr. folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Irving McCoy Marsland Nebr.

"Ireckon this song is 60 or 70 years old. It's one Mama learned when she was a girl back in Ohio. I've never heard it over the radio. We sent it in to be published in a magazine once but they said it was too sad."

THE OLD ELM TREE Here's a path by the long deserted mill, And the stream by the old bridge broken still; And the golden willow boughs bending low To the green sunny banks where the violets blow. The wild birds are singing their same sweet lay That charmed me in dreams of the dear old days, When Laura, my beautiful, sat with me On the moss-grown seat 'neath the old elm tree. It was here with the bright blue sky above, I told her the tale of my heart's true love; And here 'ere the blossoms of summer died She whispered a promise to be my bride. And here fell the tears of our parting sore, How little we dreamed we should meet no more; And that, 'ere I came from the far blue sea, They would make her a grave 'neath the old elm tree. Oh, cruel and false were the tales they told, That my vows were false, my old love cold; That my truant heart held another dear, Forgetting the vows that were whispered here. Then her cheeks grew pale with a crushed hearts pain, And her beautiful lips never smiled again; And she bitterly wept where none could see, She wept for the past 'neath the old elm tree. She died and they parted her sunny hair On the pale cold brow death had left so fair, And they laid her to rest where the sweet young

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flowers Could watch by her side through the summer hours. Oh Laura, dear Laura, my heart's last love, Will we meet in the angels home above? Earth holds not a treasure so dear to me As the lonley grave 'neath the old elm tree.

(Music attached to original) Dup-241-DAWE